



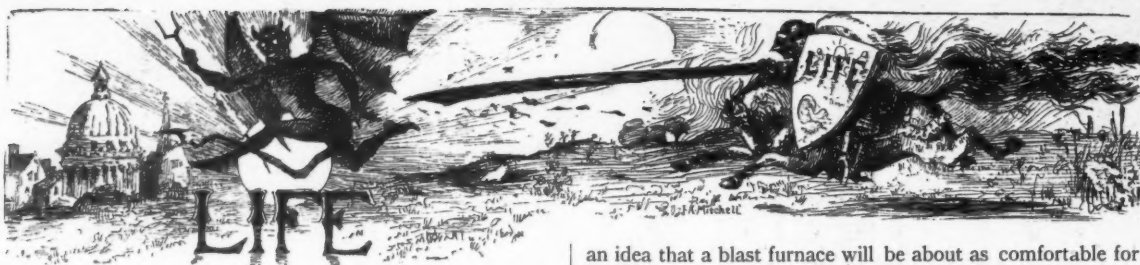
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O. Heford

# REPENTANT IN A HORN.

EDITOR HORN, OF GEORGIA, HAS STARTED FOR WASHINGTON WITH A PETITION TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, ASKING PARDON FOR JEFFERSON DAVIS.—*Exchange.*



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THE ancient trout law, which provided that the season should not open until April 1st, has been changed so that the speckled beauties are not *de rigueur* until May 1st in all counties but Queens and Suffolk.

Why the Queens and Suffolk County trout are to be favored thus we cannot see.

There can be no moral end achieved by prohibiting other old and respected trout families the luxury of the luscious, though deceptive fish-hook, while Long Island's favored few revel in the flippant fly.

What justice is there in giving the inhabitants of Suffolk County brooks precedence at the tables of our first families, to the utter exclusion of the plain, but honest natives of the Adirondack rills?

Or if the Adirondack trout should reach the tables of the rich before the first of May, what principle of law requires that they be obliged to travel *incog.* on pain of arrest, while their Queens County cousins flaunt their speckled troutishness in their very gills with impunity.

Our legislators must beware lest a long-suffering fish-lineage take fins against their oppressors and carry a relentless warfare into their very homes, endowed as they are with the arts and bones wherewith to grasp all tyrants by the throat.

INDEED, was not Justice herself somewhat culpable in that she landed a Fish, of no small importance, long before the first of May?

THE cry is, still they come! Johnny French having tired of his flat, stale and unprofitable war upon pig-tailed Celestials, now seems anxious to join forces with Russia against her old-time adversary, pig-headed John Bull.

Here is a glorious chance for France to rise from extinction to distinguishment.

At the same time it must needs be a very warm rise, if rise it be at all.

With Germany on one side, England off the coast of the other side, and the usual French mob on the inside, we have

an idea that a blast furnace will be about as comfortable for the touring purposes of the American dude as *La Belle France* this summer, if sides be taken by her.

It is better to go along quietly as a nobody than to be somebody at the expense of a sound thrashing.

A PROPOS of Barren Tennyson's latest poetic fizzle, we do not wonder that the mob's million feet wished to kick You-You out of office.

You-You was a sort of Chandler, ordering fleets and such national institutions. It would really seem, however, that less than a million feet would suffice for the purpose, but the poet has evidently introduced this number to impart a dim grandeur to the last line:

"But then too late! too late!"

If a million feet could not make up for lost time, the tardiness of the case must, indeed, have been sublime.

THE New York *Herald* suggests the probability of England's instituting a "paper blockade" of the Baltic Sea, in the event of war with Russia.

It might have gone further and recommended the British Government to try files of the *Tribune* for the summer of '84 for blockading purposes.

We would ourselves likewise offer a hint to the *World*. Those fifty thousand daily returns which the *Tribune* intimates sometimes get on the market by mistake, might be sold to the blockaders at a nominal price, the proceeds to go to the *World's Pedestal Fund*!

Thus might the *Tribune* and *World* pool their differences in regard to circulation, and become important factors in the impending war.

A FRENCH engineer claims to have patented a new refractory brick.

Just how this is a benefit to a civilized world we cannot say. The man who patented refractory mules has long since been handed down to oblivion, and we sincerely trust this dissatisfied mortal who, not content with the perversity of bricks on all occasions, had to patent a new one, capable, no doubt, of being carried in a hat, will soon find his own level in obscurity.

WE may not be a military people, but a visit to the Academy of Design will convince the most depraved pessimist that courage is no stranger in our land. Courageous is too weak a term for many of the N. A.'s who display for public examination the kind of "art" they are willing to produce.



**A TITLE CLEAR.**

**M**AYBE it was the Sunday fare;  
 Maybe the Sunday sermon;  
 Perhaps 't was but a plain nightmare—  
 I never can determine.

I dreamed I was an errant shade,  
 With other shadows hieing  
 Along a road whose downward grade  
 Was simply terrifying.

Before them all, with haughty head,  
 One held the chief position,  
 Whose lofty mien and stately tread  
 Proclaimed his high condition.

While in the eyes of all the rest  
 Sat trouble and dejection,

His gold-rimmed orbs alone expressed  
 Approving introspection.

We reached a river and embarked  
 Upon a galley gloomy;  
 The seat the stranger took, I marked,  
 Was elegant and roomy.

When Charon came to punch his fare,  
 The awe-inspiring spectre  
 Transfixed him with a stony stare,  
 And seemed to say, "Director."

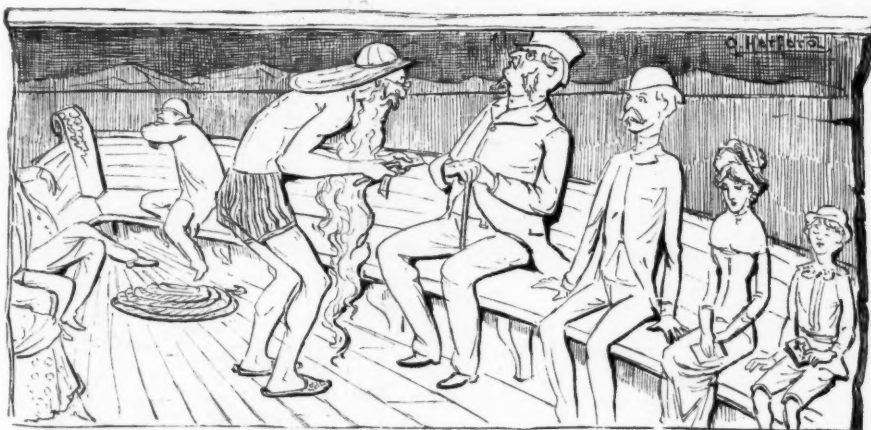
We reached at length the heavenly gate—  
 The press had free admissions—  
 The common herd was forced to wait  
 And loaded with conditions.

The stranger handed in his card.  
 While 'round the door we hovered,  
 And to the high celestial guard  
 His shapely head uncovered.

I saw St. Peter smile and bow,  
 Urbane and deferential;  
 The stranger's greeting was somehow,  
 A shade more consequential.

"Angel!" the saintly tyler cried,  
 A page straightway appearing.  
 (I do n't remember that I tried  
 To wholly keep from hearing.)

I caught the words "Orchestra chair—  
 Be sure you get the right one—  
 See the harp-tuner; and take care  
 The halo is a bright one."



"TRANSFIXED HIM WITH A STONY GLARE."

"Look lively, too," St. Peter said,  
 "The gentleman is waiting."  
 "Please register"—he bent his head,  
 The great book indicating.

The stranger wrote. I read the scrawl  
 The sacred page engrossed on;  
 The name was naught, the place was all—  
 "J. Winthrop Wiggins, Boston."

*James Jeffrey Roche.*





## MAY.

THAT pleasant month of Spring is sprung,  
Strawberries now shoot forth,  
The weary tramps for work unstrung  
From balmy South scoot North.

The festive bivalve hails with glee  
The month without an R.  
To Coney's Isle the weary flee,  
Or sail hence o'er the bar.

The insect revels on the breeze  
That blows him from N. J.  
Hay fever starts its annual sneeze  
In budding, flowering May.

But we, alas, must cuss our luck  
As rushing all about,  
We pack our duds upon a truck  
And on the 1st, move out!

YES, William, the Prince of Wales did show the white  
feather in Ireland.  
Three of them, in fact.

## PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



"LOOK TO 'T!"

PROF. MOSELY has discovered that some of the Chitonidæ have as many as 11,000 eyes.

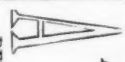
What a time a weak-eyed Chiton must have cleaning his 5500 pairs of spectacles every morning before he can read his newspaper!

TWO Kansas City newspaper men exposed a medium recently by squirting aniline dye on the face of a materialized spirit.

The spirit's peculiar actions after the squirtation was proof that he had n't dyed before, and was therefore not a *bona fide* spook.

THE Fish-Ward motto ought to have been, "Dividing we stand, united we fall."

THE demand for maps of the Seat of War has become so large, and owing to the number of seats so complicated, that a War Map Company has been started in this city. To avoid confusion, maps may be had by ticket only, and all tickets must be in the same general form as the subjoined:

♦ UNIVERSAL ARENA ♦		 RETAIN THIS CHECK. ANGLO-RUSSIAN ROW 2 LEFT Seat Herald Series 4002
* THIS TICKET		
IS SIMPLY A PERSONAL LICENSE		
ENTITLING THE HOLDER TO		
ONE SEAT OF WAR.		
The same to be designated on Coupon.		
THE MANAGER RESERVES THE RIGHT		
To declare the War off at convenience.		

AN Italian by the name of Toselli has invented a submarine vessel capable of penetrating to a depth of 250 metres.

He is 'way behind the Yankees in this respect. The U. S. Navy can sink as far down as any patent boat afloat, and not half try.

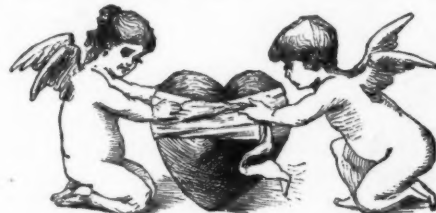
WIFE BEATER: No, the revival of Whaling does not refer to the whipping-post. If it did, you would perhaps be less obnoxious to-day.

## GLIMPSES OF PARADISE.

IT was only a few hours ago that this old gentleman arrived. She, however, has been here a long time.

More than twenty years ago he jilted her, but the other girl (\$400,000 in her own right), went back on him, and he has been a bachelor ever since.

The old flame rekindles at the sight of his first love, but she has made other arrangements.





GLIMPSES OF PARADISE, No. 7.

## FABLES OF THE TIMES.

## THE POLAR BEAR AND THE SURVIVOR.

A POLAR Bear one day remarked to his family as he stepped out of his ice cabin: "Well, I must go and hunt up another Survivor; there's nothing left of the last one but the left flank and a few spare-ribs. They are getting rather stingy down South. They don't send us enough Survivors to make up real swell dinners for Thanksgiving Day and Christmas."

After a short walk the Polar Bear found a half-starved Survivor sitting on a chunk of ice and lunching on a superannuated pair of brogan shoes. "Well, you are a Survivor of the last Arctic expedition," remarked the Bear. "Now, you come up here in order to be hunted up and advertised, but you'll find that it can't be made to pay. If you had stayed at home, you could have had yourself hunted up by stealing a mule, and you might have been advertised to your heart's content by running for office. Now, this is a poor country for a sensible man to settle in. It won't sprout black-eye peas, and if you stay here you'll be patching a poor man's breeches as long as you live. I advise you to go home; but I never give advice free. You must pay for this, and I shall now proceed to collect my fee." Then the Polar Bear seized the Survivor, carried him home and ate him for supper.

MORAL: The intrinsic excellence of good counsel often dignifies its obscure course; and the Walrus and the Polar Bear are perhaps intellectually competent to advise some of the North Pole pilgrims.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY has a "haunted saloon." The quality of Washington Territory whiskey precludes the idea that the saloon is haunted by *spirits*.

## THE POLYRAMINOID.

THE Polyraminoid is a shaggy little animal confined to a limited range in Central Africa, and has not yet been classified, but will doubtless be fully described by some future naturalist. The most startling peculiarity of the Polyraminoid is its mode of defense. When an enemy approaches, it at once turns itself inside out and roars defiantly at the intruder from its improvised fortress. A little Polyraminoid was sauntering leisurely along one day when a tiger suddenly appeared upon the scene. The Polyraminoid instantly inverted itself, and after giving a defiant yell, communed with itself: "Surely, some kind power watches over me. How lucky it is that I can thus defy all enemies. I surpass the greatest military leaders of the age, for I carry my redoubts and fortifications with me. A few minutes ago I was exposed to danger; now I am entrenched in an impregnable position."

The Tiger then came up and remarked: "I have always been a fastidious Tiger, and how lucky for me it is that the hair of this little Polyraminoid happens to be all on the inside. Some kind fate has prepared me a feast of which I can partake without getting hairs in my teeth."

The Tiger began to work upon his unexpected banquet, and the Polyraminoid soon lapsed into a state of posthumous quietude.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that phenomena and events can be viewed from various standpoints, and intimates that even gratitude may be carried to excess.

A HOST IN HIMSELF—The inn-keeper.

WHERE EXTREMES MEET.—Lord & Taylor.



The Mahdi: WHAT! ENGLISH GIRLS HERE, TOO!  
[Adapted from the *Melbourne Punch*.]

## 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.

LAST night, at the rink,  
I made my confession.  
She had liked me, I think,  
Till last night at the rink:  
I felt her form sink—  
I let go with discretion.  
Last night at the rink  
We made an impression.

To L. H. B.:

IN answer to your query as to how the Statue of Liberty is getting on, we would say that she has nothing just at present to get on, but in other respects she is doing quite well, thank you.

W. C. B.

A COURT HOUSE—The home of marriageable daughters.



IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

FROM LÉON VERDI, IN NEW YORK, TO  
PROSPER GOBAIN, AT LILLE.  
May 1st.

MY DEAR PROSPER:



BLAME myself for my negligence, and I had been negligent indeed to have forgotten to tell you more of literary Boston. Here Plato flourishes in the street cars; in New York the women carry poodles, in Boston they carry books. Perhaps Mrs. De Sorosis is a fair specimen of the feminine ostrich described in my last. She is bilious and provincial; she began as a writer of obituary verses for her bereaved friends. Then she wrote verses in a paper published here weekly.

This particular paper occupies the place among journals that a mosquito holds among insects; it was born at the South End, nurtured at the Back Bay, and now lives in luxury on feminine curiosity. Here Mrs. De Sorosis began. She is now a wasp-waisted imitator of Madame de Sevigny. At her "evenings at home" are as many lions as can be induced to appear. The rising young men and women are invited, and are sometimes allowed to read one of their own productions. Here you will meet a certain scientific defender of orthodoxy—a kind of John L. Sullivan made theological. His quotations from the German (German is the court language) are as fabulous as his support of prohibition was stormy and inaccurate. Here in his day came the blue-eyed and vegetarian supporter of the thesis that "everything is spiral." Here, too, are all the "too-cultured-to-be-Christian" wielders of homiletical clubs—men who approve of God and are gracious to St. Peter, and who live on the attraction of a fine choir.

Here, too, you may see the last novelist, youthful in looks and morals, who disguises French fiction in Sam Ward's epigrams and lives a saint where Paul de Koch would be burned at the stake. Here are his older brothers in the art, who look at America through old English and Venetian glass spectacles; emasculated Puritans in the pour-point and purple of English praise. In fact, *mon gros* Prosper, there are more desiccated litterateurs of stunted growth, more literary fledglings with hardly feathers enough to cover their intellectual nudity, in Boston and vicinity than would satisfy the demands of the most ravenous of autograph collectors. You see, a great many people in Boston have money, and the offspring of Harvard University and a century and a half of money are what I describe; and why not, for when *l'or a-t-*

*il perdu la plus petite occasion de se montrer stupide?* Except, perhaps, when it is in possession of a father and the daughter falls indiscriminately in love, then sometimes "*l'or*" is unnecessarily and painstakingly clever. So thinks, at least, thy *tout dévoué* and perhaps experience-suffering  
LÉON.

THE AFGHAN EMBROGLIO.

ENGLAND PASSES A WAR CREDIT OF \$55,000,000—

RUSSIA PASSES

THE GATES OF GUDDEH.

SIR PETER LUMTUM DENIES GENERAL  
KOM-OFF'S STATEMENT.

[By Special Cabul to LIFE's WAR Bureau.]

YOUR correspondent called at the British Headquarters at Penjayday last evening, and learned from Sir Peter Lum-Tum that war would certainly be declared before night. Upon being pressed for information as to which night he meant, the gentleman refused to commit himself further.

Mr. Gladstone was then telephoned for information in regard to the War Credit, and it was learned that just as the Russians passed into Afghan Territory, at Guddeh, the English Government passed a credit for £11,000,000 sterling, to be used in carfare for the hardy Britons who are to uphold the cause of the Ameer.

The Czar sent down an ultimatum to your correspondent, requesting his presence at a boating party on the Kushk River last evening. Of course I went and had a long chat with the Autocrat on the back steppes of his palace. He informed me that Generals Whuppinkoff and Bootsoff, together with Prince Boodleritch, had that afternoon set off for Sherat with a large force of native Vitches, Koffs and Hiski's, wherewith he had no doubt the enemy's boundary could be captured and painted green, so that the British forces, brought up on geographies in which boundaries are all red, could n't tell it from the grass over which they marched.

Sir Peter Lumtum, I also learned, wrote to M. Big-Ears, the Russian War Minister, denying Kom-Off's statement that he, Lumtum, ran off on the approach of the Muscovites, Phosphites and Trilobites, leaving nothing to be caught but a Ta-Ta regiment.

The Ameer has demanded protection from the ravages of border ruffians, who steal everything they can lay their hands on. Two yucatans, four flights of steppes and a can of tiffin have been taken from his ancestral tent at Pull-I-Gotten.

The Czar, in bowing me out, stated that he was tired of ultimating and thought he'd begin a little intimating just for a change.

Just as I withdrew from the audience I learned that General Wolesley was to be sent to the scene of the trouble, and the Czar sighed as he said adieu, and I left him murmuring to himself: "I thought we'd have something of a scrimmage before I died, but if Wolesley has charge! Why, I'm forty now. I shan't live till I'm 120!"



WAITING FOR THEIR



IFE ·



OR THEIR INNINGS.



“**M**ONA,” now running at the Star Theatre, is an extraordinary production—to call it good would be grossly deceiving our readers. It has a certain character, so has the desert of Sahara, and a very little of either goes a long way. To put it briefly, it lacks all those qualities which are essential to success.

Miss Dauvray has ability, but is terribly handicapped by her surroundings. Of the other actors, perhaps, it is only fair to say they do their best. No human being could hold his own in such a piece.

\* \* \*

**W**E are surprised at the candid confession of the Union Square management, that Minnie Palmer’s “My Sweetheart” is turning money away. We are not surprised, however, that such should be the case, as the average play of the Minnie Palmer type has very “turning” qualities.

\* \* \*

**M**ISS LILIAN RUSSELL-SOLOMON-BRAHAM, fat, fair and fortissimo, is once more delighting Dudedom at the Casino. “Polly,” the comic opera in which this lady appears, is the latest effort of that arch discomposer, Solomon, collaborating with a librettist by the name of Mortimer. As a comic opera, “Polly” is a conspicuous failure, redeemed solely by the elaborate and tasteful setting it has received at the hands of Messrs. Rice and Aronson.

The libretto is simply rubbish, and if it ever had any savor at all, lost it when it left its London haunts. But to the Anglo-maniac dude it is great. There is enough of the old English left in it to keep it alive while the fluttering hearts of the chappies continue to flutter in the precincts of the Casino.

\* \* \*

**A**T the Mount Morris Theatre, Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, supported by Messrs. John Sutherland, W. J. Shea and W. O. Partridge, is filling an engagement as Mr. Micawber, in his celebrated drama, “Little Emily.”

\* \* \*

**T**HE only real success to be seen at present is “Sealed Instructions,” at the Madison Square Theatre. It is well mounted, and, in point of acting, up to the usual standard of this charming little theatre.

\* \* \*

**T**HE gratifying announcement comes that “Twins” is a thing of the past. It never deserved to succeed, and Manager Duff is to be congratulated upon at last knowing a bad thing when he sees it.

#### TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

**I**N olden Tyme wh<sup>nn</sup>e valiaunt Knyghtes  
Disputed f<sup>r</sup> each otheres Ryghtes,  
Wh<sup>nn</sup>e Maydes w<sup>re</sup> foughte f<sup>r</sup> —Th<sup>nn</sup>e I wot  
F<sup>r</sup> Monie, Love was nevere boughte.

Alack! Those goode old Daies have passed,  
Y<sup>e</sup> Foppe succeedes y<sup>e</sup> Knyghte at laste.  
Love breedes contentiones as of Olde,  
But Steele has given waie to Golde!

W. S. Case.

#### THE RISE OF SILAS SLAP 'EM.

BY W. D. HOWLS.

##### CHAPTER I.

**W**HEN Silas Slap 'Em opened his eyes it was exactly seven o'clock on the authority of the time-piece in the steeple of Park Street Church. The opinion of the Park Street Church clock did not have the same weight with Mr. Slap 'Em that a clock striking from Trinity would have had, but it was at least not a South End clock, and so Silas was satisfied that it was really seven.

He was not particularly surprised, however, as it usually *was* seven at about that time every morning.

Silas Slap 'Em was born in Boston, and thereby earned the right to exist. He was unfortunately born at the South End, however, which degraded him far beyond the appreciation of any non-resident. A South Ender sometimes has brains, and may avoid criminal prosecution, but he never can have correct tastes, manners or knowledge of social forms and observances. This is an invariable rule.

Consequently, Silas breathed with difficulty the rarefied air of Beacon street, into which blooded thoroughfare he had been kindly permitted to move when he got to be rich enough.

Silas did not make his money in Atchison, like most Bostonians, but by advertising an unspecified brand of Mineral Paint, just as, some years before, Barthly Hubbub had advertised Tivoli Beer.

Seven o'clock meant business to him, therefore, and he at once prepared to rise. Placing his large, hairy hands upon the floor, he dragged himself head-first over the foot-board. He did not know how to get out of bed properly. This was because he came from the South End.

Some years before Silas had earned the undying gratitude of a certain young Bostonian by mistaking him for an Englishman. In some slight recognition of this great service, the young man had given Silas a few “pointers.” It is to this that we owe the astounding circumstance of a South Ender's taking a morning bath. Slap 'Em bathed awkwardly, as a matter of course, but he nevertheless bathed, and then dressed himself. It was a good deal for him to have done this, instead of dressing himself first and bathing afterwards, as he might once have done. In only one thing did his plebeian origin principally betray itself. In breathing his morning prayer to Emerson, he merely knelt, instead of prostrating himself three times.

When Silas lived at the South End he kept a mug at the barber's, but now he shaved himself. His shaving stand stood before the window, and in the process of removing the hair and portions of the cuticle from his countenance, he got certain glimpses of the Common, and further on, of the residences of prominent stock-holders in the Atchison and C. B. and Q. railroads, and the American Bell Telephone Co. On the front door steps of each residence stood the matutinal pot of baked beans.

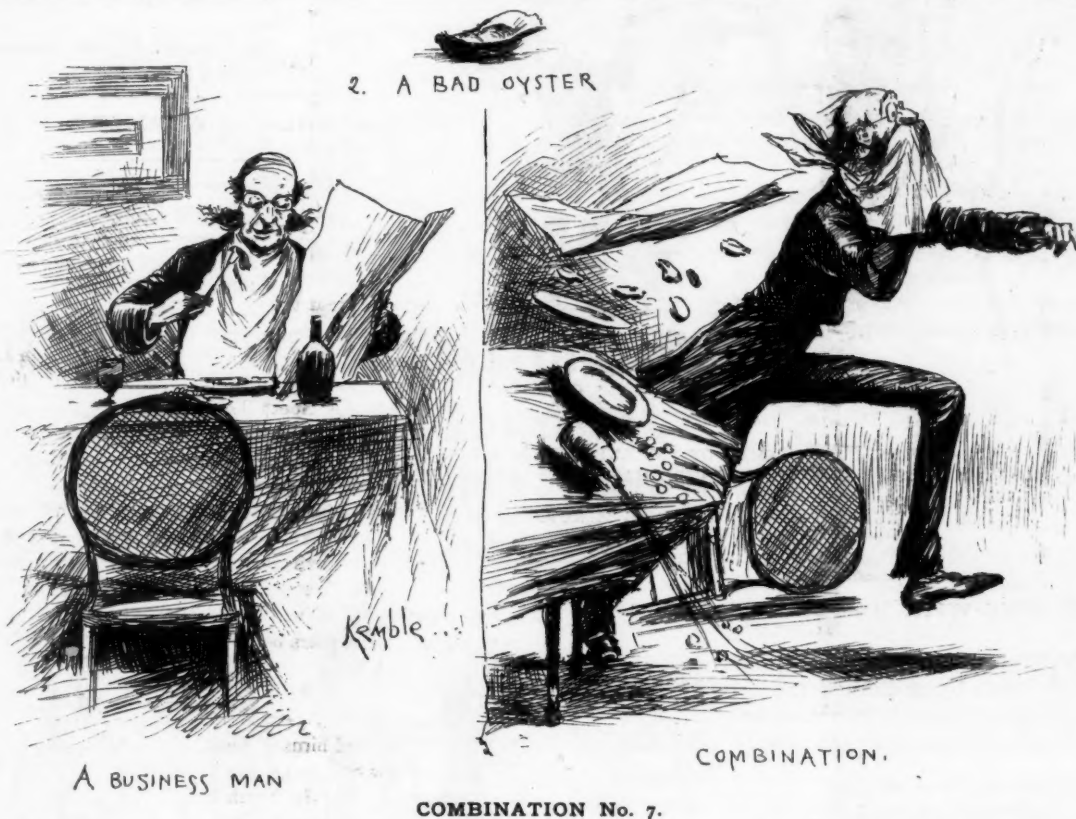
Thus Silas Slap 'Em rose.

[The other thirty-nine chapters of this remarkable novel we

omit, out of consideration for our readers. After an heroic struggle the author gets Silas through breakfast and down town, with the usual number of social solecisms and lapses into alleged South End grammar. Then come variations on the same theme, entitled Luncheon and Dinner. At this latter repast it appears that even alcohol discriminates against a South Ender; though, to tell the truth, we cannot be quite sure whether Silas's confusion of ideas is the result of wine or of the conversation.]

F. E. Chase.

A GREAT CONTRACTOR—The anaconda.



#### THE STOCK MARKET.

THE following is, as far as can be ascertained, the present state of the market. Live stock, active. Dry stock, dull. Rolling stock, unsteady. Fancy stock, weak. Racing stock, feverish. Lock stock and barrel booming and cheese, lively. There has been a limited movement in watered stock and laughing stock. J. Ghoul has been crying, as usual, the first *short*, but to the great amusement of outsiders, Grant's doctors seem determined to carry *long* all the latter that can be commanded.

#### HIC, HÆC, HOC.

WHEN the two Roman brothers were young,  
And at even' were wont to recline  
At a supper of nightingale tongue,  
Washed down by Falernian wine,  
Either one would have probably laughed himself sick  
At the idea that "Hoc" ever came before "Hic."

"AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE"—The snake editor's office.





"OH, GEORGE, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU RUBBING YOUR LIPS LIKE THAT AFTER THAT DEAR LITTLE GIRL HAS GIVEN YOU SO SWEET A KISS!"

"I'M NOT RUBBING IT OFF, NURSE. I'M RUBBING IT IN."

#### REMNANTS.

THE : affair has assumed a very balmy aspect. Under Kane, we are glad to say, was not so foolish \* the lives of the American officers in Prestan's clutches by firing upon the rebels, and now that he has brought matters to a . he should make a — homeward.

RECENT rumor respecting Steele Mackaye credits him with having appeared in a duel role.

Can it be that he, too, is anxious for a place among the stars?

#### A TRIOLET.

\* —————  
Glancing at a Bo-atlet  
\*\* —————  
Came across a Po-etlet  
Sitting on a Rock.  
SS —————  
Polly and her Go-atlet

\* Polly and her Go-atlet  
\*\* " "  
SS The Same  
Walking on the dock  
ditto.

#### TO PRUE WITH HER CANDLE.

ONE white finger through the handle  
Of the brazen dish I see:  
Here comes Prudence with her candle—  
Here comes Prudence—woe to me!

Like the slender waxen taper  
Slowly burning in the flame,  
Is the heart that can 't escape her  
And the magic of her name.

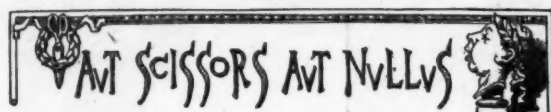
Love must have its blows and buffets—  
Well I comprehend my fate.  
Good-night, Prudence! Gently snuff its  
Little life out: it is late.

Idle Idyller.



THIS drawing is a mystery. It has been suggested that the figures represent National Academicians, but this theory is based wholly upon the cabalistic initials borne by the parties themselves. Then again, this sketch, rough though it be, is evidently the work of an artist, and the enthusiastic admiration our artists have for the N. A.'s gives the lie direct to any such belief. Lastly, but not leastly, we should never give place in these columns to such an impertinent caricature of those immortal painters.

DISSATISFIED Democrats are quoted as saying that the President is not "turning out" so well as they expected. He is certainly not turning out *so fast* as they expected.



"THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL."

YES, we all know him, sad to say,  
That man of awful gall,  
He lives next door to each of us,  
The man who knows it all.

He always knows just what to do,  
His pride will never fall,  
He'll always tell you just what's what,  
The man who knows it all.

When making an invention great,  
Or building a stone wall,  
He'll surely come and prove you wrong,  
The man who knows it all.

You're sure to find him everywhere,  
In house, street, shop or hall,  
No matter where he is, he's still  
The man who knows it all.

And sure of all the curses dire,  
We've borne since Adam's fall,  
This burden is the heaviest far,  
The man who knows it all.

In painting, drama, music, law,  
All matters great or small,  
He criticises and condemns,  
The man who knows it all.

And when great Gabriel comes to blow  
The last grand trumpet call,  
He'll say, "Your tone is rather flat,"  
The man who knows it all. —*Boston Globe.*

EVEN THE BOSTON OWL IS CULTURED.

"Do you know that there is a great difference between the country owl and the Boston owl?"

"No."

"Well, there is; the uncultured bird, you know, says 'Tu whit tu who,' but the cultured one says 'Tu whit tu whom.'" —*Boston Budget.*

JUDGE—"Did you witness the accident?"

Witness—"I did."

Judge—"At what distance?"

Witness—"Sixty-seven feet and nine inches."

Judge—"How do you know so exactly?"

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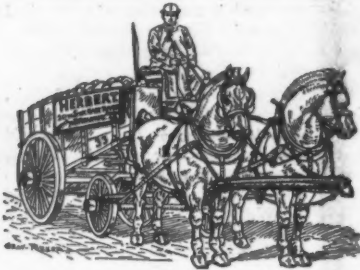
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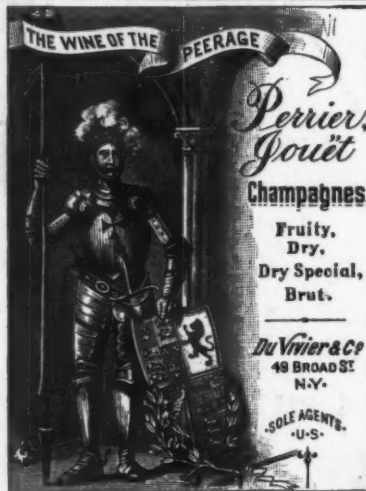
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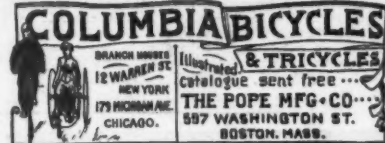
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